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Neglected Arabia



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NEGLECTED ARABIA

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DECK SCENE ON A PERSIAN GULF STEAMER

(“The Log of the *Barala*,” page 8)

CONTENTS

Our New Station at Amara.....	Rev. H. A. Bilkert
The Log of the <i>Barala</i>	Rev. T. H. Mackenzie, D.D.
Peace in Oman.....	Rev. G. Van Peursem
Cupid in the Desert.....	Mrs. L. P. Dame
Missionary Personalia.....	

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NEGLECTED ARABIA

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THE ARABIAN MISSION

Our New Station at Amara

REV. H. A. BILKERT.

ONE reads much these days about Mesopotamia as "the land of Abraham," "the cradle of the world" and such descriptives as would give the impression of a wonderful land wrapped in romance. The facts are better expressed by the story of some fanciful British Tommies who early in the war identified a supposed site of the Garden of Eden. By all the laws of history, geography and geology the site is miles from where the Garden may once have been. But one of the Tommies, on seeing the site, exclaimed, "Well, if this was the Garden of Eden no wonder the disciples fled!" Their fancy led them so far as to christen a perfectly innocent date palm as the Tree of Knowledge. So much honor was too much for the old tree and curio fiends have stripped it until only an old stump remains. This forms a truer symbol of the land than some of its more poetic titles. There is not much to delight the eye, nothing to feed the soul but a crying need for the things which Christianity and a civilization thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the Master can bring.

Just before the war the Arabian Mission had opened out-stations in this land but no missionaries had been stationed here permanently. Bible shops were opened and kept open by native colporteurs all through the war and were instrumental in distributing hundreds of copies of the Scriptures to the troops, in many languages. But with the coming of peace (?) the Mission decided to push into this country in earnest and opened full stations at Nasaria on the Euphrates and here at Amara. The work at Nasaria has already been described in these pages but a glimpse of Amara and its work may be of interest.

Amara itself is a town of about thirteen thousand inhabitants, most of them Moslems but having quite a number of Jews, Syrian and Chaldean Christians and a fast disappearing sect known as Sabaeans. But missionary work here will reach out into the river villages above and below the city for a distance of over 150 miles and including, according to Government figures, a population of 200,000. Conditions here are in many ways unique owing to the fact that Amara was in

the war area. For a long time it was the location of the advance base of the military operations which led to the capture of Baghdad and the capitulation of the Turks. That necessitated arrangements for the health and convenience of the troops, the benefits of which we are still reaping—at a price. An electric power plant was established which supplies, lights, fans and even ice. The last is a luxury we indulge in very infrequently for with the coming of these modern conveniences we have also made the acquaintance of the popular—or notorious H. C. L. of the homeland. The fans are life savers in these days when the shade temperature mounts to 116 degrees. In war days there were often as many as fifty thousand troops here and the country round about was white with tents. How the men ever lived in tents under this blazing heat I do not know. Many of them did not, as the



THE RIVER-FRONT AT AMARA, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE BAZAAR AND MINARET OF THE MAIN MOSQUE

big British cemetery here with its hundreds of graves eloquently testifies. There were several hospitals here ranging from five hundred to a thousand beds each. These with the troops and followers often brought the total population up to over one hundred thousand.

Practically all of this is gone now and has left on its receding tide some of the good things I have mentioned above and some not so good, as gallons of whiskey, a cheap "movie," a score of dancing girls in a native theatre, and a wave of high prices. These external things the Arab readily assimilates and they soon become a part of his daily life. That is a very marked characteristic of the Arab. He dislikes to be disturbed from the groove in which his life is cast and will object strenuously to any suggestion of change. Once he sees,

however, that anything new has come to stay he tries to turn it to his own advantage and is soon as accustomed to what was once very strange as if he had been born to it. Aeroplanes, for example, were still drawing upward the eyes of the most sophisticated when I was still in America. Here they fly over the heads of the Arabs without drawing from them the slightest sign that they are conscious of their presence. Just as I wrote the above words an aeroplane circled over the city a few times and landed. I was curious enough to go up on the roof for a better view and from there had ample confirmation of what I had just written, in the absolute indifference of the natives.

This contact with the western world and Mesopotamia's entrance into the sphere of world politics—whether as player or pawn remains to be seen—has had its effect on Arab thought life. Formerly it was "like pulling teeth" to get a group of Arab boys to school. Today I am embarrassed by the requests that come from small and large that I start a school, requests which we hope may soon be granted. They are eager to learn, and a surprising number carry with them English books in which they try to spell out words and phrases which they then try out, horribly mangled generally, on the first white man they meet. At our Bible shop we get the Arabic newspapers. If the mail is delayed or if no papers appear for several days for some reason or other it is a disgruntled lot of visitors I have to entertain. While they wait impatiently the talk turns pretty generally to one theme, Arabian independence. This mandatory idea doesn't appeal to them at all. The right of self-determination and the rights of small nations as promulgated by President Wilson appeal to them much more strongly and are common terms on their lips. The opinion in which America is held often makes me blush when I realize how much higher that opinion is than the facts of our national life warrant. President Wilson is a popular hero in the bazaars of Mesopotamia today. They look to America as a sort of patron saint of Arabia and all things American are necessarily good in their minds. There is a Nationalist movement of sorts but the Arab is too individualistic to assure its speedy success. There is too little of the spirit of co-operation to give much force to such efforts for several generations to come. There is no "team spirit" among them and sooner or later the leaders of such movements quarrel among themselves and their efforts have been wasted.

These are externals. The real Arab underneath is pretty much as he was before. In a formal way he keeps the requirements of his religion. He prays, he fasts, he gives alms. It may be that he thinks a bit more of the pleasures of this world than he does of the rewards of the next, which is not according to his book. But then, that is not surprising, for this present world is far more attractive than anything of which his Prophet dreamed in those stern days of the founding of Islam. But his ideals are still of the earth earthy. Spiritual things awaken no response in him; in fact, he cannot

understand them at all. To speak to him of the life eternal means merely the continuation of his temporal existence with the possibility of death removed and that to him, as to us, is absurd. The Holy Spirit is an enigma to him. Without body and unseen, he echoes Nicodemus' doubt and says, "How can these things be?" He clings to the idea of a dove, from what he knows of the Gospel story, and a dove as a factor in one's life is again the height of absurdity. There is still that dogged clinging to the Koran and all the traditions of his faith, childish and often ridiculous as they may be. If what he sees as true about him is in conflict with his traditions, he still pins his faith on the traditions while practically incorporating the other into his life. He is absolutely innocent of any sense of sin as we know it and as Christ proclaims it. Hence forgiveness and pardon and freedom are also meaningless to him.

But there are bright spots too. Two very promising young men are reading the Gospels. One of these is held in much honor here as being well versed in all matters religious. He is frequently the leader of the public prayers in the mosque. Such open-mindedness from one in his position is truly remarkable. He talks freely on all religious questions and realizes that there are weak points in Islam which cannot be bolstered up. The backwardness of all Moslem peoples and the advancement of other nations is a thing he feels very keenly and realizes that Islam is in no small measure to blame. The very friendship of one so esteemed in the community is something for which to thank God and pray that He may use it to bring the light to many. For such friendship with an "infidel" causes talk, and for all practical purposes the fear of the gossip of the bazaar is greater than the fear of God among these people.

And then there is Ali. What an inspiration and encouragement he is. He cannot read but comes three times a week for a Bible lesson. And how he drinks in the story of the life of Jesus. His face fairly shines as he repeats to me what he has learned in his previous lesson. Scripture verses he repeats over and over again until his friends in the coffee shop ask him what is the matter and why he always sits talking to himself. One day he said, "Sahib, when first you read to me from the Gospel I don't understand what it all means. But when I go away I think of it on the road and after a while it all comes to me and I understand it all. Don't you think that must be from the Holy Spirit?" And I assured him that it was, humbly thanking God for this evidence that it is not by might nor by power but by His Spirit that these people will be born anew in the Kingdom of their Father. For it is not a matter of knowledge. There are many here who *know* more than Ali does. One old man comes and quotes to me chapter and verse from the Bible to prove that I am wrong and that Mohammed was a prophet of God. His knowledge is great enough but he hasn't the Spirit. Ali has already become a defender of the faith in his way. Any opportunity he seizes eagerly to tell what he knows of Christ, although that knowledge be contrary

to all the traditions and practices of his people. "The Word of God says so," he tells them and there he rests his case. Things utterly abhorrent and blasphemous to the unregenerate Moslem mind, such as the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Jesus Christ, have become precious truths to him, truths which he defends and explains in his own way to his Moslem friends. One wonders what great things God will show forth among these sons of Ishmael when once the break comes and His own will go out among their brethren to proclaim the truth in the power of the Holy Spirit. Propagandism and an almost fanatical zeal for his faith is a marked characteristic of the Arab and one which we may well covet for the Kingdom.



PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS TIGRIS AT AMARA
(The flags were in honor of the King's birthday)

Amara asks for your prayers, a real participation in the intercessor's labor of bringing the knowledge of Christ to these other sheep, prayers that the good impulses awakened by the war and the new outlooks upon the world and life may not fail of bearing fruition in lives reborn. Prayers that the ministry of friendship, in whatever form it takes, may lead to the great Friend. Prayers that God may touch other hearts as He has touched the heart of Ali that they may know the power of the Holy Spirit in their lives for enlightenment and guidance. Prayers that there may be born in the hearts of these people a real spiritual perception, a sense of sin and a need of salvation. Prayers that His servants in all faithfulness and humility and with a constant reliance on the life of Christ as their lives may proclaim the glad tidings.

The Log of the *Barala*

REV. T. H. MACKENZIE, D.D.

NOTE—The ensuing is a series of extracts from a journal of a visit to the stations of the Arabian Mission, located on the Persian Gulf, made by Dr. Chamberlain and the writer as a Deputation from the Board of Foreign Missions, during September and October, 1920. The Deputation was especially fortunate on this journey in two respects; first, they were able to attend a regularly delegated meeting of the Arabian Mission in which representatives from every station of the mission except Amara were present. This is the first time in the history of the Mission when any representative from America has been able to be present at its regular meeting. This, of course, gave them an unusually favorable opportunity for getting a conception of the work of the Mission as a whole. The meeting was held at Kodaikanal in South India where members of the Mission were taking their biennial holiday and where they enjoyed the kindly hospitality of the buildings erected by the Arcot Mission in one of the most delightful spots in the world for a vacation sojourn. The second great advantage which the Deputation enjoyed was that they made the voyage from India to the Persian Gulf on the British India Steamship *Barala*, in company with Dr. and Mrs. John Van Ess and their two children, John and Alice, Dr. and Mrs. Paul Harrison, and Rev. E. E. and Dr. Eleanor Taylor Calverley and their three little girls, Grace, Elizabeth and Eleanor. There are two classes of steamship service to the Persian Gulf, the express from Bombay to Basrah in less than six days, with practically no stops, and the local service scheduled to make the trip in fourteen days, but frequently stretched out, as it was in the case of the *Barala*, to twenty days or more, and stopping at fifteen or sixteen ports in India, Beluchistan, Persia, Arabia and Mesopotamia, including all the stations of the Arabian Mission. It can easily be imagined what these twenty days of close fellowship with representative members of the Mission meant to the Deputation and how much it aided them in getting a grasp, both of the difficulties of the work and of its encouragements. It has been suggested that some extracts from the journal of experiences of these twenty days might have an interest to the friends of the Arabian Mission. In presenting them he wishes it to be clearly understood that they are but a series of impressions by the way and that they are in no degree to be compared for accuracy with the more careful records and accounts of our Arabian missionaries, who have proved themselves such masters in their field.

Sept. 25.—We went on board the *Barala* about three in the afternoon, but she did not sail until after seven. There was much interest in watching the arrival of our fellow travellers. We of the Arabian Mission had the first cabin nearly to ourselves, there being only one other passenger. There were three or four second-class passengers,

Eurasians, and several hundred deck passengers, Arabs and Indians. Some of the wealthier Arabs had purchased accommodations for themselves on the promenade deck and lived under comparatively spacious conditions, but the great multitude of them were huddled together in a promiscuity that only one who has visited the East can picture. Dr. Harrison already has begun to recognize old friends among the Arabs, and the way they come to him with all their troubles and perplexities and their confidence that he can quickly set them right is very striking.

Sept. 26.—A Sunday at sea. We had service in the cabin at eleven and Dr. Chamberlain spoke. During the afternoon we stopped at two towns on the Indian coast. At the first we had a very picturesque view of a walled town and a considerable palace or castle a mile or two outside the town. We came to the second town late in the evening and though the *Barala* whistled, no boats came out, and in a little while we moved on.

Sept. 27.—All day at sea. The missionaries seem to have a personal acquaintance with most of the Arabs on board and the Arabs are continually hunting them up. An incidental benefit that we get from this is that from time to time the Arabs send round a boy with coffee, which the rest of us share. Once or twice a day, Dr. Harrison makes a round of the ship and his favored companion has many experiences of Arab hospitality. Because of the heat we are sleeping on deck, and the full moon is gorgeous. Had a pleasant talk today with the chief engineer, who is Scotch, as I judge all chief engineers are.

Sept. 28.—During the morning we reached Karachi, a very large port with a great deal of shipping. It has enormously increased in importance of recent years because it has been so largely used by the British as a base for their operations in Mesopotamia. We anchored about two miles from land and were quickly surrounded by a multitude of sailing boats that move with incredible swiftness. All of us went ashore in the afternoon but Mrs. Calverley and Mrs. Van Ess and the children. You may be sure, however, that young John was of the party. For four rupees a sail boat took us all ashore and brought us back again. Landing, we took a tram for a five-mile ride to Karachi proper. The country is very flat and very dusty and the town is to me one of the least attractive I have seen in Asia. It is located on the edge of the desert of Scinde, the hottest and, on the whole, the least desirable part of India. The stores are quite good. Those of us who had not steamer chairs secured them. Dr. Harrison stocked up at the drug store and we all of us had ice cream and cakes at the Grand Cafe. We then took "gharries" and drove out to the zoological gardens, where there is a very good collection. I was especially attracted by the pelicans and flamingoes; also by a magnificent Arabian lioness, presented by the Sultan of Maskat. We saw also a number of wild boars, which furnish the English sportsmen pig-sticking. Savage brutes they were, too. Then back to the pier by tram and a sail out to the steamer by moonlight, arriving about half-past eight.

Sept. 29.—At anchor all day. I did not go ashore, although Messrs. Van Ess, Calverley and Harrison did. Mrs. Harrison received from an Arab friend a quite ornate gold watch. A big troop ship, on its way to Mesopotamia, left port today.

Sept. 30.—We left Karachi about noon, after taking on about three hundred additional Arab deck passengers during the morning. Most of them were returning from the Mecca pilgrimage. They are getting so thick it is hard to see where they are going to store themselves. It is getting quite hard to travel along the lower deck without stepping on somebody. They travel encumbered with all kinds of luggage, some with cages of parrots, some with two or three live sheep apiece, and all with boxes and bundles galore of all sizes and shapes. Some have perched themselves on top of high piles of boxes, where they do their cooking, say their prayers, and carry on the other operations of life quite unconcernedly. It is interesting to watch the Arabs at their prayers morning and evening; they seem quite insensible of the crowd about them and perform their devotions quite as punctiliously and carefully as if they were alone. The prayer groups usually consist of six or seven, of whom one acts as leader.

Oct. 1.—The morning at sea. In the afternoon we stopped at Guardir, the principal port of Beluchistan, but could not see anything of the town as it was hidden by an island, in the lee of which we anchored. A number of boats came out. Their oars are a queer board paddle fastened on the end of a long pole. One boat came in great state, seven oarsmen on either side, a drum playing, and the oarsmen chanting. When it came alongside the oarsmen stopped rowing and accompanied their chanting with a rhythmical clapping of the hands. Then they encircled the ship before their passengers came on board. I did not learn the meaning of it all definitely but assume that they were the escort of some specially distinguished person who was to sail with us. This was the first view I had of the Beluchis, a stalwart looking race, tall and very dark. Beluchistan is now a British dependency and administered from India. We stopped about two hours.

Oct 2.—We did not reach Maskat as early as we expected. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we dropped anchor. About two hours earlier we got our first glimpse of the bleak, rocky hills of Arabia. The port of Maskat is picturesque beyond any that I have seen. Entrance is gained through a narrow gap in the rocks, which you scarcely see until you enter it. It is not a large harbor, and is completely encircled by high rocky cliffs on which are perched castles and watch-towers that go back to the days of the Portuguese. The city of Maskat is at the inner end of the harbor. The cliffs we passed were thickly inscribed with the names of hundreds of ships that have visited the harbor, which the sailors have emblazoned upon the rocks, each striving, it would appear, to find a place more conspicuous and more inaccessible than his fellows. The only American ships I recognized were the U.S.S. Brooklyn and the *Isla de Luzon* (on her way home from Manila after Dewey's victory); and I saw no earlier date than

1861. We anchored very near shore, and Van Peurseem came out in a small boat to meet us. The men of the party, Mrs. Van Ess, and the children went ashore with him, the latter going directly to the mission house while the men tarried to make some calls Mr. Van Peurseem had arranged for us. Maskat has a Sultan of its own and has been a place of very great importance. It was formerly, and down to the time of the grandfather of the present Sultan, linked with Zanzibar as one sultanate. It has been a great centre for the slave trade, a noted depot for gun-running and, in days gone by, the centre of Portuguese power in the Near East. The present Sultan has gotten pretty badly involved financially and the British are giving aid in extricating him from his difficulties. He is spending the summer in Karachi and will not return until November. Our first call was at the palace of the Vali or city governor. We were received in considerable state by an armed guard of about twenty who presented arms as we passed between them. The Vali came to the head of the staircase to meet us with the Mullah of the Mosque, the most influential religious leader among the Moslems of Maskat. They are both grey-bearded men of much dignity, clothed in handsome brown abbas and each with the silver dagger, without which no gentleman of Maskat can be considered fully dressed, in its scabbard at his girdle. They greeted us most graciously and led us out upon the veranda, where we were seated comfortably and had a fine view of the harbor. Sherbet, a rather sweet, insipid, somewhat warmish drink, was served. Shortly afterwards the Sultan's brother arrived. He was younger than the others and black-bearded, but similarly attired. He was accompanied by an Afghan orderly, who was seated with the company. Van Ess did most of the talking. (Immediately upon arriving, Harrison had gone up to our hospital to operate for Dr. Hosmon.) Van Ess talked principally Gulf politics. He is probably the best informed man on this subject outside the British service. Our call was not a long one and at its close we were dismissed with the same ceremony with which we had been received. We then went on to the British Consulate. This building has the most desirable location in Maskat, on the shore at a point where it catches every stray breeze that may come through the two or three crevices in the cliffs which surround the harbor. Here, too, we were received on an upstairs veranda overlooking the waterfront. We met the British Political Agent, Mr. Wingate, the son of the distinguished Wingate who was formerly Sirdar of Egypt. This younger Wingate is an extremely clever and able fellow and thus early in his career has scored several substantial successes. We also met Captain Pearson, who is in command of the British military force stationed a few miles out of Maskat, and also a Mrs. L., wife of one of the British political agents assigned to Mesopotamia, who had recently come out from England with her husband, but who, as yet, had not been permitted to proceed any further than Maskat. Owing to unsettled conditions the Government is extremely reluctant to allow women near the front.

(To be Continued.)

Peace in Oman

REV. G. VAN PEURSEM.

DURING the last year especially, the British Government made repeated attempts to establish peace between the Sultan of Maskat and Sheikh Esa and others of Oman. Most Omanis, including their leaders, were willing for peace but the brother of the late Imam seemed to be the main force to block it. He kept the Imam from entering upon any negotiations or even any consideration of peace. The Sultan's Government then increased export duty, 25 per cent. on dates and 50 per cent. on pomegranates, taking it in kind, the result being that the population made but little in sending their produce to the coast for shipment. This pressure seemed to drive the population to demand peace between their leaders and the Sultan. As an indirect result of this the Imam was killed last August while at prayers in a mosque. The new Imam



SOLDIERS OF THE SULTAN, MASKAT

refused to be elected except peace were restored, and after his election hurried things along. Sheikh Esa with his soldiers came to Seeb in September requesting a parley with the British consul in order to make steps for peace. The British consul with military escort went to meet them there and immediately peace negotiations were begun. It took some time to satisfy both parties as to the official titles to be used in the documents. The Omanis insisted that the Sultan was making peace with the Imam al mussalmin. To this the consul objected since only a handful of the millions of mussalmin recognize him as such. It was finally decided to use only the names of the Imam and the Sultan without any title whatsoever. Sheikh Esa was the first to sign, and

before October 8th all the sheikhs in the inland had signed, including the Imam.

The treaty states that all property taken from people in the Sultan's territory since 1913, the time of the invasion, shall be returned to its owners. This, no doubt, includes our house in Nachl. Export duty has been reduced to 5 per cent. all along the coast; pickets on the caravan routes from Beit Al Felleg have been removed so the Omanis have free entrance into Matra without being searched for weapons. Evildoers shall have no protection in the other's territory but shall be handed over for trial at the right place; all the roads must be safe inland for all people alike. Oman will have absolute autonomy. There will be two governments in the peninsula therefore, one along the coast of which the Sultan will be chief, and the other in Oman of which the Imam is the nominal head.

Mr. Wingate is planning a trip to Nachl and Somail in November and advises us not to go inland until he comes back. The man opposed to peace was the Sheikh of Somail. He had most of the stolen property, in the shape of valuable date gardens. But he had to flee for his life when peace was declared, and Somail was left without a ruler consequently. Forthwith it was suggested that there be a race between the Sultan's army and the soldiers of Sheikh Esa for Somail. The latter were successful and in consequence Sheikh Esa fell heir to a fine city, while the Sultan's men had to return to the coast.

The political agent, Mr. Wingate, is receiving telegrams from Bushire and India, congratulating him on his success in uniting these tribes for peace. During the last twelve months he worked incessantly for this and we as a mission may well thank God for men like that. The results of this peace are already evident in Matra, and we can only imagine what it will mean in the future.



AN OMAN SWORD DANCE

Cupid In the Desert

MRS. LOUIS P. DAME.

"G stands for goodness
And G stands for gladness
And these two go hand in hand;
G stands for Gerrit,
And G stands for Gertrud,
Oh G G Isn't it grand?"

WEREN'T we fortunate to stumble right onto Romance as soon as we landed in Bahrein? Which proves that Cupid is not daunted by the desert and that Love can bloom in out-of-the-way places as well as in more favored climes. This romance involved two of our fellow-workers with whose names you are all familiar, and I know you will rejoice in their happiness, as we on the field rejoice.

Who are they? The lady in the case is very sweet and charming and he, well you know ministers think so much of the next world that often they are apt to forget about many of the small things of this one, and our hero is one of these, hence the following jingle:

"Alas and alack!" cried Cupid in glee,
"Here is a duty just waiting for me,
To save this man's life
I must get him a wife,"
So he shot a swift arrow at a lady named G.
This young lady named G, so sweet and so fair,
With brown eyes and dimples and burnished gold hair
Received the dart
Which was aimed at her heart,
And Cupid is chuckling, "It's in June, now, so there!"

P.S.—Pennings-Schafheitlin—Married at Bahrein, Arabia, June 17, 1920.

Now I am sure that you would all like to hear about the wedding with its many interesting details. In the first place, there are no jewelry shops on this desert isle, where one can buy wedding or engagement rings; there are no florist's shops, nor indeed flowers anywhere; there are no ice-boxes to save culinary delicacies; and above all there was no preacher to tie the knot, since it was obvious that the Rev. P. could not perform his own ceremony. However, these obstacles were all overcome. The fond fiancé watched an artisan in the native bazaar fashion the wedding ring from a goldpiece and also his gift of a bracelet. Not many bridegrooms have that pleasure.

It was arranged that Rev. and Mrs. Calverley come ashore from their boat on their way to India from Kuwait, and so we were all

interested in the coming of that downboat. It happened to be the "Lightning," which is true to her name, not as to speed, but in that one never knows when she will strike a given spot. She was due between Friday and Monday, but the news came that she would be in surely on Wednesday.

By Wednesday morning everything was ready and the chickens cooked for the wedding breakfast, and the table was just about to be set, when a wireless message came, changing the "Lightning's" arrival till Thursday! Talk about an anti-climax! We revived though and went for a picnic.

Thursday morning dawned bright and beautiful. It was a perfect day. The Calverleys came ashore bringing the captain and the first officer with them, to our great relief as we were so afraid the ship might want to sail on before the ceremony was over, and it anchored seven miles from shore! The chapel was beautifully decorated with long palm fronds and green leaves, with the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack draped together in front.

Mrs. Paul Harrison played the wedding march. Dr. Harrison, as best man, accompanied the bridegroom, Rev. Gerrit Pennings. The three little Misses Calverley headed the bridal procession, carrying baskets of trailing green vine and next came the bridesmaid, Miss Mary C. Van Pelt in white embroidery dress and picture hat, carrying a graceful green bouquet tied with pink chiffon. Dr. Louis Dame escorted the bride, Miss Gertrud Schafheitlin, who was beautiful as only brides can be, in beautiful veil and orange blossoms, with shower bouquet of glossy green tied with white. The solemnly beautiful ceremony was performed by Rev. E. E. Calverley of Kuwait, and at its close Mrs. Louis Dame sang, "O Perfect Love."

After the wedding recessional a home reception was held. The happy couple stood under a canopy of palms and greens to receive the congratulations of their friends. Then followed a delicious wedding breakfast planned by the bridesmaid.

Rev. and Mrs. Pennings are spending their honeymoon in Bahrein and continuing their work as usual.

O wedding bell! thy tongue can tell
Of joy beyond compare,
Of happiness sweet and a life complete
For this new wedded pair.

O wedding bell! Toll out the knell
Of past days spent alone,
Ring in the new, the grand and true,
That these two are joined in one.

O wedding bell! forever swell
Thy tones of wondrous love,
And to their bliss be added this
God's blessing rich from above.

Missionary Personalia

THE Rev. and Mrs. James Cantine have removed from Basrah to Baghdad where they may be addressed at Abakana 75/195, Baghdad, Mesopotamia. This step has been taken tentatively with a view to the immediate occupancy of this important station, the capital of Mesopotamia, the Church Missionary Society having recently withdrawn from this area.

The Rev. S. M. Zwemer spent the night of November 30th at Port Said in conference with the Corresponding Secretary en route to America, since this was the only opportunity for their meeting.

The Rev. James E. Moerdyk has removed from Nasaria to Basrah, where he is now associated with Dr. Van Ess in the growing Boy's School in that city. Mr. Moerdyk returns to America on furlough in the near future.

The Rev. John Van Ess is the author of a second book on the study of Arabic, entitled "Aid to Practical Written Arabic." This has just been published by the Oxford University Press, having been carried through the press by Professor D. S. Margoliouth, D.Litt. Professor of Arabic at Oxford. This book, as also Dr. Van Ess's first one on spoken Arabic, was prepared at the request of the British government with a view to enabling officers to acquire a knowledge of spoken and written Arabic.

Dr. C. S. G. Mylrea has been called upon to use the hospital at Kuwait to its full capacity in caring for the many wounded Arabs as a result of the battle between the Bedouins of the Desert and the troops of the Sheikh of Kuwait, which took place early in October.

Dr. and Mrs. P. W. Harrison have welcomed an addition to their home in a little son, born November 11, 1921. Dr. Harrison has been invited again to go to Riyadh, in the interior, by the Emir Bin Saud.

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Bilkert are now well settled in Amara, having secured an Arab house overlooking the Tigris, through the courtesy of the British Military Officers who are gradually withdrawing the garrison from that station.

Miss Charlotte B. Kellien is expecting to spend a term of study at the Bible Teachers Training School in New York City, commencing in the middle of March.

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